

OUR DUMB Animals





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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly type-written, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.



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Enlarging Our Work

FOR more than half a century the name of the Boston Work Horse Relief Association has been an honored and respected one in Massachusetts. This old society, with a roster of directors numbering some of Boston's best known citizens, has served the cause of Work Horse Relief with unusual distinction.

Many can remember the Work Horse parades through Boston's ancient streets — the horse watering stations and the free blankets distributed to needy cases — and many more are acquainted with the Free Clinic for Animals on 109 Northampton Street, where animal owners in poor circumstances could bring their pets for treatment.

Recently, the Work Horse Relief Association merged with our Massachusetts S. P. C. A., thus further strengthening the animal protective forces of this state.

The clinic, located at 109 Northampton Street, will be continued and it will be open daily, with staff veterinarians from the Angell Memorial Hospital treating the animals. Our Massachusetts S. P. C. A. was also fortunate in obtaining as Directors of our Society, Mr. Montague W. W. Prowse, former President of the Association, and Mr. George S. West, Vice President of the organization for many years.

Together, the two Societies will continue — with renewed strength — the all-important humane service for our animal friends, and we bespeak for these efforts our members' and friends' continued moral and financial support.

E. H. H.



Two of "Topsy's" kittens - "Miette" & "Minx."

—Photo by Harry Jordon

Bassinets Are for Babies

By Ruth Canavan

THE summer Christine was born I had a cat called "Topsy." She had been given me as consolation when my husband went into the service. Mother and I thought there had never been a more beautiful kitten. She was angora, black with white trimmings, a broad face with round green eyes, tiny ears, and a short plume of a tail.

This tail showed her emotions. When Topsy was happy, it moved in slow circles. When she was angry it swished. We were not the only ones who thought Topsy attractive, either. She had a boy friend from across the meadow—a gray Persian. He was only a fleeting form to us, that would appear on the side porch as we opened the French window, and then was gone. Apparently his interest was reciprocated, for Topsy developed a motherly look which convinced us that she would be expecting a family very soon.

Downstairs in the coat closet we prepared a bed for Topsy, a place of retirement for her to have her kittens. Upstairs in the sewing room and elsewhere

were scattered bits of sewing and knitting, and in the upper front hall was a bassinet which we were decorating with pink silk and dotted voile. This was, of course, dedicated to my own new baby.

Downstairs the kittens put in an appearance one morning. They were limp little mouselike things; black and white like their mother; with closed eyes and hungry mouths. They squeaked. Topsy alternated between pride and fear. She wanted us to admire them, but she did not approve of our handling them. We watched for opportunities when she left them. On one occasion, after they had reached the open-eye stage, my mother took a friend to the closet, and found the kittens gone. We hunted the house over without success. Topsy sat on the table in the upper hall watching us complacently.

Then she jumped down into the bassinet. There we found all her babies. She had carried them upstairs one by one when we were not looking and dropped them into the bassinet. After all, bassinets are made for babies, aren't they?

Here and There

Hear Our Prayer

Dear Father—Hear and bless
Thy beasts and singing birds.
And guard with tenderness
Small things that have no words.

Naming the Animals

By John Charles McNeill

WHEN Adam was naming the beasts and birds, the insects and fishes and snakes, they came along past him in droves and herds, and it took terrible thinking to think up those words—mules, elephants, earthworms, and drakes.

How do you reckon he came to say lizard and fox, and tarpon and buzzard and bee; and horse, and bull-sparrow, and cockroach, and ox; and 'possums and 'coons, and chickens, and hawks; and tiger and catbird and flea?

He didn't have time then to study or twit; he had to keep along with the game. He had to put up with the best he could get, whatever was passing he had to name it—right there in its tracks with a name!

Just mule doesn't click, nor jackrabbit, nor mink; nor moccasin, turkey, nor dog. And he and Miss Eve didn't have time to think, and they didn't have time to eat nor drink, or even to sit down on a log.

But they did pretty well. You try it, and see; it's hard to name even a blossom. Yet what could you call a bee but a bee? And if you see a 'possum up in a tree, you won't think of a thing but a 'possum!

Such Tiny Things

By Betty E. Nissen

Here in a field of squash and corn,
The beetle and the mouse were born.
And countless stars looked down to see
What all the scurrying could be;
"Such tiny things for this wide earth!"
The mothers sighed, who gave them birth.

If something goes wrong, it is more important to talk about who is going to fix it than who is to blame.

—Francis J. Gable



—Photo by Don Moldenhauer

"Time to get up," barks Jock as Jay rouses with a "Oh, hum, is it that time already Jock? Around this room there certainly is no need for an alarm clock."

For a wholesome boy and dog companionship—

Meet "Jock" and "Jay"

By Don Moldenhauer

LAST spring at Carthage College, when commencement exercises rolled around, "Jock" bade farewell to the campus along with his graduating master, "Jay" Sindahl of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Behind them they left numerous memories and friendships which they had built up together.

Jock, once a stray dog, was found, tired and dirty, on the campus minus an owner. His size and beauty attracted many students, but one student in particular, Jay Sindahl, took the dog in and cared for him.

Ever since that April afternoon, over a year ago, Jock and Jay have been the "best buddies" on the campus.

Jock, about six or seven years old and an almost pure collie, has an all white body except for the rust color on his head.

As every pet should have a name, so should this dog. So, Jay, remembering

that collies came from Scotland, called him Jock, which to him sounded like a good Scottish title. Regardless of his official name he has been named "white monster" by many of the students around the college.

A short time after his unofficial adoption, Jock was allowed to enter all the stores in downtown Carthage with his master. Jock proudly possessed this privilege because he was the only dog allowed to do so in Carthage. But Jay said he thought it was just a good excuse for the clerks and owners, who were attracted by Jock's beauty, to have a chance to meet this "white monster" of Carthage College.

When Jay was asked if Jock had ever pushed an embarrassing moment upon him, he willingly told of a Sunday morning while he was singing in the church choir, his "best buddie" came marching down the aisle looking for him, and then, when he did set eyes upon him, he let

out a loud bark and ran to his side in the front row of the choir loft.

Even though the collie is around six or seven years old, he still learns tricks and stunts very easily, which is quite unusual for a dog of his age.

Jock must have a little self pride, too, because he really likes to take baths and have his coat brushed and combed by anyone who wishes this privilege.

It became a common, but embarrassing moment for many of the professors at Carthage who, in associating the two together, addressed Jay as Jock in class and then received a snappy bark as a reply.

Rare privileges belonged exclusively to Jock because he was the only male on campus allowed into the girls' dormitories at any time he pleased. It just goes to show that besides being man's best friend, Jock also liked the girls, and it goes without saying that all the girls liked Jock.

Cats and Dogs in the Corn

By Ruby Zagoren

CAN you imagine dressing up a cat in ribbons, flowers, and ears of corn? Children, yes, but grown ups? Well, it's done in a part of France called Briancon, at the beginning of the reaping and the cat is given the special title of "le chat de peau de balle." Translated this means "cat of the ball-skin." This cat's duty is to lick the wounds of any reaper wounded in his work.

When the reaping is over, the cat is once again decked out with ribbons and ears of corn. The workers dance and have a merry time. When the dancing is done, the girls solemnly strip the cat of its finery.

So much fuss over a cat? Sounds impossible. But to these Briancon reapers, as to reapers in many parts of Europe, the cat is more than a cat. The cat represents the corn-spirit, the giver of fertile fields and generous crops, the receiver of their rituals and ceremonies.

At Gruneberg in Silesia, the reaper to cut the last corn, is called the Tom Cat. He is enveloped in rye-stalks and green withes; he is equipped with a long plaited tail. Occasionally, to add to the jollity, he is given a companion, similarly dressed, and called a female cat. These two "cats" run after the people and beat them with a long stick.

Near Kiel, children are warned not to go into the cornfields for "the cat sits there." The corn-spirit must not be disturbed; its work must not be intruded upon before the harvest season. In the Eisenach Oberland they are told "the Corn-Cat will come and fetch you," or "the Corn-Cat goes in the corn." In some parts of Silesia at mowing time, "the cat is caught," is said, meaning the last grain is mowed.

At threshing, the peasants will say that the man who gives the last stroke is the Cat. In the neighborhood of Lyons the last sheaf and the harvest supper both are called the Cat. Near Vesoul when the last corn is cut, the peasants will say, "We have the cat by the tail."

According to the myths of these people, the animals repre-

senting the corn-spirit, flee before the reapers as the corn is cut. If a reaper is taken ill on the field, he is believed to have stumbled, unwittingly of course, on the Corn-spirit.

In France and Germany, as well as in the Slavic countries, when the wind ripples through the corn, the peasants will say, "the mad dog is in the corn . . . the big Dog is there." These people substitute the dog as the corn-spirit instead of the cat. When their children want to gather ears in the cornfield or pick the blue corn-flowers, they are warned against the dog. In some parts of Silesia, the person who cuts or binds the last sheaf is called the Wheat-Dog. The harvest customs of eastern France are strongly shaped by the idea of the Corn-Dog. When a harvester is sick or weary or lazy, and is not keeping up with the reaper in front of him, his fellow harvesters will say, "the White Dog passed near him," the "White Dog has bitten him." The connotation of the Dog as the Corn-spirit is not as friendly or comforting as that of the Cat.

The reaping of the last stand of corn is called "cutting the Hare" in Galloway. All the corn is reaped except just enough to form a Hare. This is divided into three parts and plaited, and the ears tied in a knot. The reapers pace off a certain distance from the Hare, and then throw their sickles at it to cut it down.

When the stalks are cut by the sickle-throwers below the knot, the Hare is carried home and placed on the inside of the kitchen door. Often this Hare is kept until the next harvest.

The same sort of ritual and belief among primitive peoples makes them associate wolves, foxes, cocks, geese, quail, goats and cows, pigs, and horses, with the Corn-spirit, as well as the cat, dog and hare.

Cats and dogs mean more than just cats and dogs to these harvesters of what sociologists terms a primitive mentality. These animals that are so common to our homes and hearts, are considered the embodiment of the Corn-spirit that plays such a large, vital part in the lives of these people.

Bird and Animal Money

By Jasper B. Sinclair

MONEY is not always of the "folding" type nor the kind that jingles in your pocket. Our bird and animal friends have frequently been used as currency in many lands and in many ages.

Cattle and sheep, of course, were used for this purpose back in Biblical times. They had one distinct advantage over all the various other kinds of "money" then in use — they could walk to their new owners under their own power.

Dogs were accepted for purposes of barter in the days of medieval England. Dogs' teeth still take the place of money on the South Pacific Island of New Guinea, where they are also used as jewelry and different kinds of ornaments. Different sized teeth have different values when you go shopping

on that fascinating Island of New Guinea.

The Indian tribes living in the southwestern corner of the United States used eagles' feathers as a form of currency in the old days. Red feathers served a similar purpose among some of the South Pacific Islanders. Elsewhere, sea shells had a definite money value, while the teeth of whales and the walrus were accepted as currency in the Fiji Islands.

The skins and furs of animals were long used for trading both in Europe and North America. Money made of leather was circulated in Russia up until the 18th century. In our own State of Franklin, the forerunner of Tennessee, beaver skins were used not only for normal trading purposes but were acceptable in payment of taxes.

YOU'RE killing this dog with kindness," Uncle Oliver said, as he felt of "Mr. Blue's" well-padded ribs. "Fat dogs never live long—too much strain on the heart."

Alarmed, I said, "Oh do you really think he's too fat?"

"Definitely!" Uncle Oliver returned. "Look at the way he bulges. What's more, he can't run from here to the pig pen without panting like a billy goat."

"Well, if you really think he should go on a diet. . . ." I began.

"I know it," he interrupted. "If he were my dog, I'd trim him down to about half his present weight."

So, Mr. Blue went on a diet—at home, that is. For breakfast, he got one piece of dry toast and a cup of skimmed milk. No under-table feeding, no snacks between meals and his dinner consisted mostly of cooked vegetables.

After a few days of restricted feeding, I noticed that Mr. Blue disappeared shortly after breakfast and did not return for an hour or so later. Where he went I didn't know, but supposed he was somewhere on the place.

Several weeks went by and if Mr. Blue lost weight, I couldn't notice it. If anything, he had put on a few ounces.

I accused Uncle Oliver of breaking the rules and he indignantly denied it.

"He's probably mooching from 'Susie,'" Jack said, but I knew better. Susie, being a pig, wouldn't share a morsel with anyone but her own babies.

And then, one day, when my three neighbors chanced to call, the mystery was solved.

"You should give that dog a tin cup and set him up in business," Betty Cowles laughed. "A bigger beggar I've never seen. . . ."

"Beggar?" I repeated, puzzled.

"I should say. Twice a day he comes to my kitchen door and barks. If I don't feed him, he scrapes the paint off the screen door."

"You, too?" Mrs. Smith queried. "Why, there isn't an evening but what he's waiting when I go to the barn to milk. I feed him when I do the cats."

". . . and I've been giving him all the cracked eggs," chimed in Mrs. Crawford.

"No wonder he doesn't lose weight," I said, and explained about the diet. So you simply must ignore him." I continued. "Otherwise, he'll get so fat he can't walk."

Betty said, "Humph!" and gave the others a knowing look. "Ever try ignoring that dog?" she asked of no one in particular. "Why, I even threatened him with a switch when he came begging and all he did was sit up and roll his big round eyes at me. So what can I do?"

I had about decided to restrain Mr. Blue and his appetite by tying him to the clothes line, when help came from a most unexpected source. It was high noon and one of the hottest days of the summer when the big Irish setter, whom we later named "Sheila," staggered into the yard. She was skin and bones with sunken amber eyes and my heart went out to her as she collapsed at our kitchen door.

"You poor thing," I said and went to fetch her a drink.

It was several days before she could fully retain her food, but with frequent small feedings, she finally gained strength and a ravenous appetite. In a gulp her bowl would be emptied and thrusting Mr. Blue aside, she'd ferociously devour his meal as though she never expected to get another one.

Ordinarily, Mr. Blue will defend his dinner with warning growls, but with Sheila it was different. Quite the gallant for a change, he'd step aside and allow her to clean his plate down

"Mr. Blue" Reduces

by Ina Louez Morris

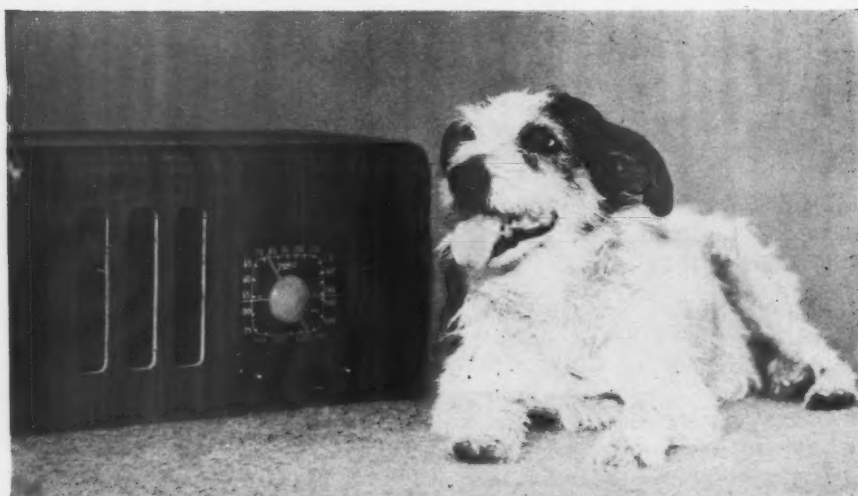


Mr. Blue is a confirmed beggar. In order to enjoy a candy bar, Jack mounted a ladder. But it wasn't any use.

to the last morsel. With her own and Mr. Blue's meal neatly tucked away, she'd race for the oat field across the way where for half an hour or so, she'd play at hide-and-seek in the tall grain, with Mr. Blue doing all the seeking.

It was plain that he considered all this mad racing about pure foolishness, but he was not the dog to be left behind. If Sheila, who was now the light of his life, wanted to play, then he'd play if it killed him. He even stayed home at meal time for fear that "Buddy Bearskin," who showed a mild interest in Sheila, might win her affection in his absence.

Catering to the whims and the appetite of a lady can be pretty strenuous business, as Mr. Blue found out, but his generosity at mealtime paid off in a streamlined figure of which he can be proud.



"Troll" likes nothing better than listening to the radio.

Clever Dogs . . .

By Elizabeth Beamish

ANIMAL intelligence is a fascinating subject, and during my travels all over the world I have heard many stories about clever pets. Take for example the sheep dog belonging to Albert Eggett, a 78-year-old carter in Lancashire, England, who says: "I leave the electric kettle full of water downstairs before I go to bed. In the morning she pushes down the electric switch with her paw and then comes upstairs to awaken me with her barking when the kettle is boiling."

Then there is the dog who likes radio. He is a mongrel called "Troll" (Norwegian for Pixie) and he lives in Port Elizabeth, South Africa. At four months he was a radio "fan" and used his teeth to twiddle the knobs, although no one in the house had taught him to do it.

Another dog, belonging to the mayor of Graaf-Reinet, also in South Africa, answers the telephone. He barks madly when it rings and if not answered quickly he knocks off the receiver and yelps at the operator.

In St. John's Wood, London, many of the local tradespeople know "Boris." He is a black and tan Shetland Collie who does his mistress's shopping for her. He carries the orders and money in the pocket of his navy and white jacket and sets off wherever he is told to go. If cigarettes are mentioned he trots straight to the tobacconist. In these bureaucratic days he queues like everyone else at the Post Office to buy his own license.

While I was living in Natal a dog, called "Nelson," saved the life of a 10-

year-old girl. The child kept trying to plunge into the Brandvlei Dam for a swim, but every time she ran toward the water, Nelson sprang at her barking frantically. Finally he leaped into the reeds on the bank and died — bitten by a poisonous snake.

About two years ago at Rugby and Brooklyn (in South Africa, not America) the inhabitants were mystified to discover that exactly three inches of milk were missing from several milk bottles. The cardboard tops had been removed but the bottles were unbroken and precisely where the delivery boys had left them. This queer performance went on for several days. The dairies denied responsibility and the mystery deepened until a woman saw the culprit operating at dawn. She was a stray shaggy mongrel with a strain of collie.

The woman saw this dog warily approach a milk bottle, peer round before gripping it with her front paws and pry off the cap with her teeth. She then lapped up the milk as far as her tongue would reach into the neck, but carefully refrained from knocking over the bottle so as not to draw attention to her crime.

The Royal S. P. C. A. was informed and the dog, now christened "Lassie" by her admiring victims, was taken away to one of their homes. Later, as no one offered to adopt her, she was given to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Pemberton of Ndola, Northern Rhodesia.

Lassie is now one of this happy band, free to roam the veld to her heart's content.

Two-Year-Old Graduate

By Grace Lyon Benjamin

DID you ever hear of a two-year-old graduating from eighth grade? Well, the very first two-year-old we know of was graduated from eighth grade in South Weymouth, Mass., in June. His name was "Butch Mooney" and he was especially honored by receiving a diploma rolled up and tied with a white ribbon.

Butch, you see, is a fox terrier. And, though he is owned by John Mooney, he practically lives across the street with his friend and pal, Bruce Canavan.

Almost every day for the last two years, Butch and Bruce have gone to school together. Having a sympathetic teacher, Miss Alice Fulton, a woman who knows how a boy feels about a dog and a dog about a boy, Butch has been allowed to come into the eighth grade classroom and remain there during classes. He is a very well behaved pupil for he squats beneath the teacher's desk or beside it, listening to all that goes on there. He never whispers or throws spitballs, either. To reward him, Miss Fulton even keeps on hand a supply of his favorite dog biscuits.

No one knows how much of the lessons he has absorbed, but Miss Fulton decided Butch deserved a diploma as well as his friend, Bruce. So no one was at all surprised to see Butch heading the line of eighth graders, one night, when the children in Miss Fulton's class marched in to receive their diplomas.

He watched them take their seats up front, then, sniffing, he walked down the aisle until he found Mr. Mooney, the man who pays for his dog license and his food. Sitting down beside him, he seemed to enjoy the exercises as well as anyone else.

Then, after all the diplomas had been distributed, he heard Miss Fulton call his name. Butch stood up, shook himself and loped down the aisle and up to the teacher who leaned over and handed him his rolled up diploma, which looked exactly like those of the others in the class. Butch barked his thanks and taking it in his mouth, calmly walked back down the aisle to his owner.

Butch's diploma differed quite a bit, however, from his pal Bruce's. Across the top was sketched a large bone. Beneath it was written: "TO BUTCH — 1950"—and, to make it look official, a seal in the form of a ribbon bow was drawn below it and the whole thing was signed by Miss Alice Fulton.

The Universal Scratcher

By Alfred Dunning

YOU have never seen a Universal Scratcher, because only one model of this novel invention was ever made.

But though it failed, the thought behind it was so kindly that it deserves to go on record.

Over a century ago, the Reverend Sydney Smith and his wife decided to combine farming with preaching in an isolated country district in England.

Too poor to employ workmen, they decided to build their own house, and to save money they used a four-oxen team to carry bricks and timber from a distant town.

The creatures were well-named by the vicar who, though he had little money, was never without a twinkle in his eye. He called them "Tug," "Lug," "Hawl," and "Crawl."

They worked hard, but the terrible roads of those days were too much for them. Tug and Lug fainted and had to be revived with smelling-salts! Hawl and Crawl just lay down and roared.

So Smith bought four strong horses to do the work. But he never forgot that his oxen had at least tried and done their best. And when he did at last become a farmer, he in his turn did his best to repay the farm animals he owned for the services the others had tried to perform.

Smith noticed in particular how the flies tormented the cattle during hot, summer weather. So he invented the Universal Scratcher to lessen that torment.

It was a simple affair — a metal frame painted green to match the field in which it was placed. It had rows of metal bars, blunted at their edges but still highly "Rub-able," and fixed at various heights.

The idea was that cattle and sheep might come along to the Scratcher and rub their hides against the bar suitable to their height, thus relieving the torment of the flies.

It was, as I said, a kindly thought and perhaps the cattle should have been grateful. Instead, when their skins itched they preferred the time-honored methods of rubbing against trees and fence-posts, or whisking one another with their tails!

So the Universal Scratcher never became universal. All the same, the Reverend Sydney Smith was happy to think that at least he had been willing. He was that sort of a man!

Foster Homes for Animals

By Helmer O. Oleson

STRANGE foster parents have sometimes been discovered in the kingdom of animals. A rooster has mothered puppies, a collie has nursed a bear cub, and an owl has been cared for by a pussycat. Animal foundlings have frequently found unusual and almost unbelievable homes.

A tiny mouse recently aroused great interest in Jersey City, N. J., when it scampered into a cardboard carton in the railway express warehouse and found a temporary shelter in a feline maternity ward. The mouse was welcomed by a mother cat who had a litter of three kittens, and who had developed an odd compassion for mice through the miracle of motherhood. The mouse curled up with the kittens, burrowed in the straw of the carton, and climbed upon his foster-mother's back and perched on top of her head.

Mrs. D. A. Owen of Perth, Australia, has a cat which strayed into the duck pen a year ago and was accepted by the ducks and ducklings to such an extent that it now quacks and hisses.

At the Whipsnade Zoo in London, a collie is serving as foster mother to a bear cub in addition to rearing her own litter of six puppies. The baby bear is healthy and in excellent condition and gets along well with the collie family.

In Denton, Texas, a bantam rooster that clucks like a hen and "Inky," a cocker spaniel, are taking turns mother-

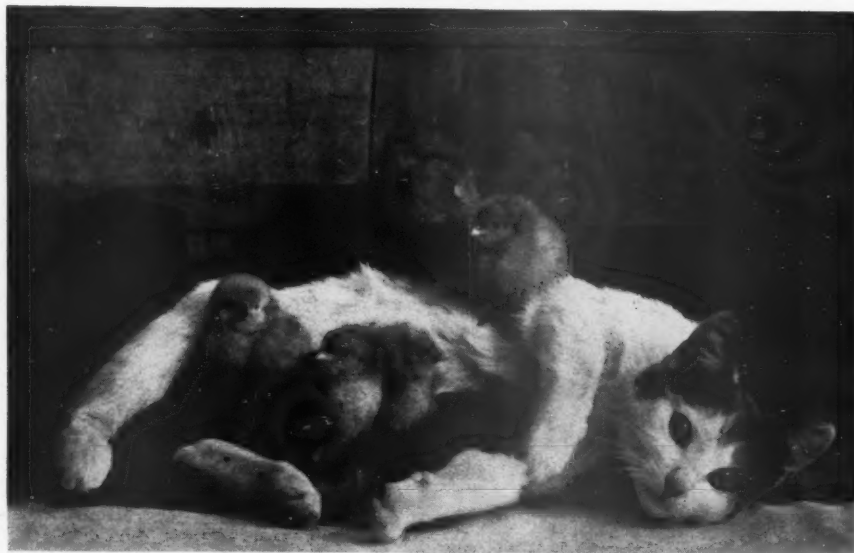
ing eight puppies. The bantam took up residence in the dog house shortly after the pups were born, and has been puppy-sitting ever since. The pups enjoy tremendously the warmth of the bantam feathers.

In a home in Warwickshire, England, a pussycat recently adopted a foundling owl. They eat from the same dish and get along in a most friendly manner. Recently in Venedy Station, Illinois, the mother of two beautiful black and white pups was killed by a railroad train. They wandered into a hen-house and were immediately taken under wing by a large hen who had a very generous mother instinct. The pups sleep today under her wings.

A runt of a pig, suddenly orphaned, wandered into a dog-house in St. Libory, Illinois, "Sue," a bull terrier, immediately proceeded to adopt the intruder and she treats it today as one of her own.

In Washington County, Illinois, a frightened baby rabbit was chased by some dogs into a barn where it was found by a kindly mother cat who had kittens of her own. She picked the palpitating rabbit up by the scruff of the neck, and dumped it among her kittens where it found a friendly permanent home.

Odd foundling homes are indeed available almost anywhere you look in the animal kingdom.



A strange combination is this cat who adopted a family of baby chicks.



"One of the most graceful water birds is the swan."

RECENTLY, a small boy asked his parents, "Why do flamingos, ostriches and giraffes have such long necks?" "In their wild state, they need long necks," replied his father.

"Why do they need them?" persisted the boy.

When we study nature, we discover that birds and animals with unusually long necks need those stretched-out necks to obtain the food they desire. The necks are also useful in other ways.

Suppose we see how the GIRAFFE uses his extraordinary neck.

Very few boys and girls have had the opportunity of watching giraffes in their natural haunts in South Africa. In Kruger National Park and in other big South African preserves, giraffes, zebras, lions, elephants and other animals are allowed to roam about as they wish. Because they are allowed this freedom, they can be studied in their natural surroundings by visitors in closed cars.

Automobiles must not speed through the parks, and the people are requested to remain in their cars as they drive along the roads. Then no prowling lions can harm them.

During a drive, herds of giraffes may be noticed standing in the long grass, feeding from the branches of mimosa or acacia trees. To reach these tasty leaves, a giraffe requires a long neck as well as long legs.

Giraffes are the tallest of all living creatures. Counting their legs and necks, they are often 18 feet in height. You may not believe it, but a giraffe has exactly the same number of neck-

Over-Long

by J. Dyer

Reproduced through the courtesy of Am

bones as the average animal — seven neck-vertebrae, but each of these bones is elongated or stretched out.

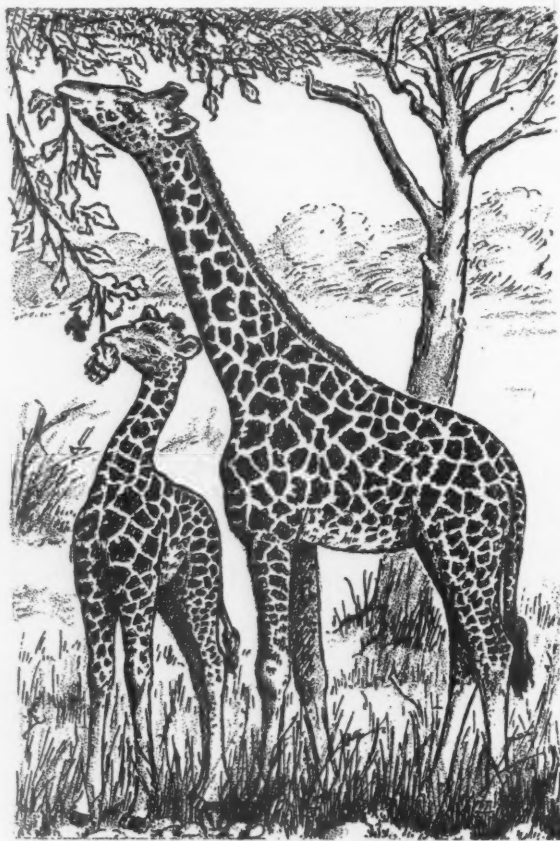
Because of this long neck, a giraffe can see over the tall grasses and bushes for a great distance. His eyesight is wonderful, and he keeps a sharp watch-out for hungry lions, his only enemies.

When a giraffe wishes to drink from a pool or stream, he stretches out his front legs and bends forward.

The OSTRICH also comes from South Africa. Including its neck, the bird is usually about 8 feet in height, and weighs 300 pounds. In its wild state it feeds on small animals, seeds, lizards and fruits, which it finds near or on the ground.

If attacked, the ostrich defends himself unusually well, for he has a powerful kick. And although he cannot fly, he can race over the desert at a speed of 60 miles per hour.

The RHEA, a similar bird, is a native of South America. Its long neck also enables it to find food in the tall grasses, or on the ground.



Giraffes feeding from tree branches.

ong Necks

Dyer Kuenstler

tesy of American Childhood and the author

When a rhea is scared, or pursued, it squats down suddenly and hides among the gray bushes of the pampas. After a while it peeps cautiously over the top of the thicket and watches its enemy.

FLAMINGOS, white storks and many long-legged wading birds possess long necks. Other water birds such as swans and geese also have long necks. All these birds find their food in the water, or in the muddy bank near the shore.

Wild flamingos are found in Tropical America. A number of full-grown flamingos feeding in shallow water are well worth seeing, as they possess rosy pink plumage, with a dash of black along the wings, and on the ends of their bent-back bills.

When a flamingo feels like eating, he stirs up the mud at the bottom of the lagoon with his webbed feet, then he holds his head upside down in the water and scoops up bills-full of muddy liquid. The water runs out through filters at the sides of the bill, and tiny mollusks and fragments of certain water



An ostrich stands at attention.

August 1951



A parent flamingo listens for the chick to break open its shell.

plants remain in his bill. The flamingo continues to plunge his head into the water in this manner until his hunger is appeased.

The egg in the picture resting on the mud nest is about to crack open. The parent bird who listens nearby can hear the chick pecking away at its shell from the inside. When Junior is hatched out, Mother and Father Flamingo will feed him until he is able to take care of himself.

Thanks to his long neck, a flamingo can clean his plumage with his bill on any part of his body.

One of the most graceful water birds is the SWAN. Perhaps you have been fortunate enough to see this big white bird suddenly dip his head into the pool after some tiny fish or other water creature. The swan may hold his head under water several minutes. Then he comes up for air, and down he goes again. They also eat certain water plants and mollusks.

They twist their graceful necks in any direction, and clean their wing and tail feathers whenever they wish. When sleeping, a swan generally turns his head backward and tucks it under his wing.

Many years ago swans were introduced into England from North and Central Europe. The black-necked swan comes from South America and Australia.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth of England, the swan was greatly admired, and could not belong to just anybody. The owner's mark was made on the bill of the swan.

History records that for stealing a swan's egg, more than one man was sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

General Saved the Horses

By K. F. Jerome

THE most famous group of trained horses ever to put on a performance for the amazement of mere man are the sensational Lipizzan white horses of Vienna. The trained Lipizzan horses go back nearly four hundred years to the time when an Austrian Emperor and horse fancier decreed a royal stable and riding school. It looked as if the tradition of the Lipizzan white horses—they dance to music, perform the *levade* and the *courbette*, feats going back to the days of knighthood—might go on forever. That is, it looked that way until the Russians were advancing in Vienna.

The Lipizzans are descended from Arab, Berber, and Spanish horses. All of them are white. They perform individually and in groups. In addition to the classic feats which have come down from the earliest days of the school, they perform intricate evolutions as a whole, and feature a "Grand School Quadrille."

When the advancing Russians were within a few days of Vienna, the Nazi government finally gave the director of the school, Colonel Alois Podhajsky, permission to take the horses out by rail. The Colonel removed his charges far enough away from Vienna to be safe from the Communists. Then, at a village called St. Martin, he waited for the advancing Americans. The Austrian Colonel preferred to trust the Lipizzan white horses to General Patton rather than either to the retreating Nazis or the advancing Russians.

In the press of war, it was not easy for the American general to guarantee protection for the horses. Colonel Podhajsky arranged for him to attend a special performance to see the Lipizzans. After the show was over, General Patton was convinced that no effort should be spared to save the white horses of Austria, and he took their protection under his special charge. A convoy was sent to Czechoslovakia to save the horses.

Today the Lipizzan white horses of Austria have a spacious school and grounds near Salzburg, in the American occupation zone. In appreciation of the help that he received from the New World, Colonel Podhajsky recently brought his horses across the ocean for performances in New York and Toronto. Now they are back in Austria again, and the tradition of the Lipizzan white horses still goes on. Thanks to General Patton!

Reason Enough

OUR aging Bedlington terrier, "Noscori Casa Topsy," has become both blind and deaf, so after feeding, one of our little toy poodles, "Dena of Bow Lane," makes herself the terrier's constituted guardian. She runs slightly ahead of Topsy, barking shrilly to lead her into the dog yard.

Who says dogs don't reason?

—Claire Ellegood Smith

Good Reading

IF you are looking for a book you will enjoy and one that you can also pass on to your children—for they will like it, too—we recommend "The Roundhouse Cat and Other Railroad Animals" by Freeman H. Hubbard.

It goes without saying that all children like animals and are intrigued by railroads. In this book the two are combined in interesting stories of the doings of animals connected in some way with railroads. And the humorous drawings by Kurt Wiese adjust the right touch to make the entire book attractive and lively reading.

Just to hint slightly at the characters in the book, you will meet "Tom," the roundhouse cat; "William," the dining-car goat, "Toby" and "Rex," two dogs who traveled on one ticket; "Grant" and "Julia," two horses who had an important part in extending the rails to the west. Then, too, there is a bear, a beaver family and an elephant.

The stories are both humorous and informative and are based on actual incidents within the author's personal knowledge.

"The Roundhouse Cat" is published by Whittlesey House, sells for \$2.00 and is now available at your nearest bookstore.

Cats Are Innocent

THE belief that cats suck the breath of infants, thus suffocating the babies, is a myth. It goes back to the medieval superstition that cats were agents of Satan, and that the devil himself and his witches often appeared in the form of cats. He was supposed to be especially fond of killing babies, so as to get their blood for celebrating the sacrilegious Black Mass and to carry their souls off to hell. When a cat is seen on a child's bed, it has no ulterior purpose; it merely enjoys the warmth of a human body. There is no authenticated instance of a cat smothering a baby.

—Nelson Anrtmi Crawford

"O. D. Honey" A Nesting Cat

By Pearl Lant Robinson

EVEN as a kitten "O. D. Honey" (Oh, dear-honey) enjoyed many advantages, yet when she knew she was to become a parent, she moved out of doors. Taking her pattern from the birds, and using as material thick stems and stout leaves of ivy, she built herself a nest, round and deep and wide.

No one saw O. D. Honey during the construction period but the finished product seemed a model of clever weaving. Built close to the house, between the walls and the hanging ivy, the nest had a natural screen and a proper front door.

Here, her three kittens were born: "Tiger," "Midnight," and "Spotty," later called "Princess." Though O. D. Honey had slept in a double-decker doll's bed (always sampling both berths before settling for the lower) she asked no such luxuries for her children.

Visitors, guided by their eleven-year-old mistress, Hope Hodges of Atlanta, Georgia, came to lift the curtain of ivy and look in on the secluded family. At such times O. D. Honey went proudly ahead with the business of washing and feeding her babies, while Mistress Hope, with equal pride, presented each departing guest with a cigar or a stick of gum.

Sometimes, when her squirming babies were quietly sleeping, O. D. Honey would pad forth on her white paws. (You might say she wore white bobby socks in front, and long white stockings, well-pulled-up, behind). She would shake off the cares of motherhood beneath the leafy spread of a magnolia, this black, emerald-eyed cat of the Deep South; or perched atop a stone pillar have picnic lunch of boiled egg and bacon (no coffee, O. D.).

As the kittens grew the nest seemed to shrink, but all went well until the advent of a big, north-east storm. During this day of high winds and heavy rain, Hope, at school, found it difficult to think of anything except her furry four. When she was free to go to them at last, she found them wet but unharmed, and answering the patient appeal in O. D. Honey's eyes, took them all inside.

They both knew the time had come to end the experiment of nesting in the great-out-doors. O. D. Honey expressed purring approval of warmth and sturdy shelter. The novelty of "roughing it" had worn off.

Chipmunks Are Smart

By C. Ed Belschner

I've stuck six scrub oak acorns down a chipmunk's hole again this year and probably added insult to injury.

I did that a year ago and got a big surprise last spring.

This Chipmunk lives here in a hole in the front yard of my cabin in the Colorado Rockies. A year ago I watched him gathering acorns. He went from scrub oak to scrub oak, just rambling around I thought, selecting only the big ones. I wondered why he went so far from home at times when so many scrub oaks grew nearby and had big acorns, too. I really thought he was either dumb or just too particular.

As a little experiment I gathered six fine looking acorns from near-by oaks. Thinking he might not like it if my fingers touched his food, I used a pair of pliers. Before dropping each nut down his hole, I marked an X on it in pencil. I did this because I intended to dig down in his hole in the summer and see if he liked my helpfulness.

I didn't have to dig. One day when the snow was still lying around in patches under the spruces and the earth was warming up fast in the May sun, I heard a chipmunk "raising Ned" about something.

From the front window I saw him looking my way with what I took to be a scowl and jerking his tail about in



—Photo by Lynwood M. Chase

A chipmunk being very careful about the seeds he chooses.

"heap big anger." Several times he dived back into his hole and came out yapping as though he was hurling insults around.

I went out about an hour later and noticed he had been doing some spring house cleaning. There were a few empty acorn hulls and six old acorns yet unopened. Each one of those six unopened acorns had a penciled X on it. There were my acorns and each one had a worm hole in it.

Now how can a chipmunk tell an acorn is or is not blighted?

This year I watched this fellow selecting acorns. He spent quite a few seconds around an acorn before taking one. He smelled and looked over an acorn carefully, then he would sit very still for as long as two minutes watching the nut close-up as though listening. I guessed with his acute hearing that perhaps he was able to detect signs of worm life inside.

But my hearing isn't that good, I just had to take my chances with the nuts I dropped down his hole this year.

Everyone Has Belongings of His Own • • By Audrey McKim

*A kangaroo has a pocket,
A little skunk has a smell,
A rabbit changes its color,
A coyote is known by its yell.*

*A deer has beautiful antlers,
A peacock, a marvellous tail,
A snake has a terrible rattle,
And a house is owned by a snail.*

*And I have a wart on my finger,
And freckles all over my nose,
And Mother says she has a boy who
Leaves tracks wherever he goes!*



—Photo by John Gregory Studio

Searching Out New Channels

SOMEONE once said, "Let's not be afraid of risks; let's be afraid of stagnation." This could well be the slogan of the Nautilus Club of Provincetown, Massachusetts, for it is always searching out new channels of influence and is ready to try new measures for the good of the community.

Three years ago it wanted to honor the life and works of a noted citizen and humanitarian, Susan Glaspell. Miss Glaspell had always sought to reach the hearts and minds and wills of children through an interest, understanding, and appreciation of animals in their own environment. Rather than setting up a plaque or other memorial to honor Miss Glaspell, a Pulitzer prize-winner, the Nautilus Club has sponsored and subsidized prizes for the best essays submitted each year by the pupils of the elementary grades on the subject of animals.

So, on April ninth, the auditorium of the Provincetown High School was filled to capacity with a gathering of interested friends, parents, pupils, and teachers for the presentation of prizes donated by the Nautilus Club to the winners of the Essay Contest.

Mrs. Daniel Foster, president of the Club, after the singing of "America, the Beautiful" and the salute to the flag, spoke briefly of the purposes of the contest, and complimented teachers and pupils on the excellence of subject matter, style, and deep feelings expressed in this year's essays. Mrs. Foster then introduced Mrs. Elmer Greensfelder, an able and interested member of the committee and this year's chairman. Mrs. Greensfelder pointed out that man, in his relationships with animals, may, through thoughtlessness or indifference, hamper and destroy them. To gain an appreciation and understanding of their

needs is an important first step toward developing a feeling of humane treatment of animals. Such attitudes of kindness and responsibility help develop those qualities which will make good citizens.

Albert A. Pollard, director of the American Humane Education Society, was introduced by Mrs. Greensfelder on his third visit in Provincetown for the presentation of the annual awards. He spoke on the value of kindness as well as on the value of the animal world to civilization. Following his talk, Mr. Pollard showed a film called "David and the Puppy."

Members of the judging jury, consisted of Mrs. John M. Foster, Mrs. William Collier, Mrs. Samuel J. Singer, Mrs. Ross Rowland, Mrs. Daniel C. Merrill, and the Rev. and Mrs. Arthur O. Dewey.

Animal books were the prizes awarded to the following winners: Perry Young, Kenneth Gregory, Patricia Russell, Carmen Motta, Judith Rann, Mary E. Jason, John Serpa, Robert Alves, Shirley Silva, Carol O'Donnell, Jane Francis, Mary Lou McKinney. A year's subscription to OUR DUMB ANIMALS was awarded to honorable mention winners who were: Mary Malaquias, Carol Ramey, Joseph Lema, Margaret Hathaway, Mary Reis, Clifford Dillon, Henrietta Andrews, James Santos, John Gregory, Arlene Joseph, Ruth Carreiro, and Paul Maita.

With the Reading Women's Club and the Somerset Women's Club sponsoring similar essay contests, we are encouraged to believe we have embarked on a new and broadened activity which is sound and will help carry out our traditional objectives. All this has been made possible through the vigor and effectiveness of Mrs. Robert Hill, chairman of the American Home Committee of the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs.

Annual Meeting of Springfield Auxiliary

THE eighteenth annual meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the Springfield Branch of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was held recently at the Longmeadow Country Club. Reports were given, officers elected, and plans made for its annual June Day benefit and bridge, to be held as usual at the beautiful estate of Mrs. M. Ida Young of Longmeadow. Many interesting features were arranged for, including 100 tables for bridge and canasta.

Dr. Eric H. Hansen, president of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., praised the Auxiliary for its continued interest and financial support. He estimated that in the past eighteen years the Auxiliary has contributed over \$20,000 to the Hospital, and stated that this year's contribution showed a \$2,000 increase over the previous year. Dr. Hansen stated that one of the new projects being planned is a separate ward for the treatment of contagious diseases of animals. Dr. A. R. Evans, Chief of Staff of the Springfield Rowley Memorial Hospital, also addressed the group. Mrs. Harvey R. Preston was hostess for the day.

Mrs. William J. Warner was re-elected president. Other officers were Mrs. Sherman H. Voorhees, first vice-president; Mrs. Fred Korbel, second vice-president; Mrs. Janet Birge, recording secretary; Mrs. John M. Collins, corresponding secretary, and Mrs. Magnus F. Peterson, treasurer. Mrs. Harold S. Treworgy, Mrs. Harold D. Stickney, Mrs. Lawrence Davis, Mrs. Sidney W. Stevens, Mrs. Irving R. Shaw, and Mrs. John A. Reynolds will serve as directors.



(Left to right): Dr. A. R. Evans, Mrs. William J. Warner, Mrs. Harvey R. Preston, and Dr. Eric H. Hansen.



Deserved Recognition

MRS. MARIE HEITMAN of Weymouth was recently awarded the bronze medal of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and a certificate of merit for risking her life last winter in saving a puppy trapped fifty feet from shore in Whitman's Pond.

"Tippy," a seven-month-old puppy belonging to Jackie Callahan, was floundering in the frigid waters of the Pond, having broken through the thin ice. When Mrs. Heitman saw what had happened, although clad only in nightgown and housecoat, she without hesitation waded out in the water up to her armpits, breaking the ice as she went. The puppy was exhausted and nearly unconscious when brought to shore. Weymouth firemen who had been summoned used artificial respiration to revive the dog, which was then treated by a veterinarian.

Mr. Montague W. W. Prowse, newly-elected Director of our Society, gave high praise to Mrs. Heitman for her bravery in rescuing the puppy, but she replied that her great love for all animals prompted the act.

In the picture at the right Mr. Prowse is seen presenting the medal and certificate of merit to Mrs. Heitman, while her daughter, Sonja, looks on with approval.

The Society is on the alert at this time of year for animals which may have been abandoned at summer resorts. If you learn of one please report it to your nearest S. P. C. A.

OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors three radio programs.

"Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 9:00 A.M., over WMEX—1510 on your dial.

"Animaland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday, at 9:15 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

"Animal Fair" is presented by John C. Macfarlane each Monday at 6:00 P.M., over WBZ-TV, Channel 4 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!

Society T-V Program

THE "Animal Fair" is on the air. That is the name of our new program which is being featured on television every Monday evening from 6:00 to 6:15 P. M. John C. Macfarlane, Society staff member, not only prepares and plans the program but also acts as master of ceremonies.

In the first of the series of broadcasts, which opened Monday, June 11, Mr. Macfarlane introduced Alphonse Boudreau, who is in charge of one of the animal wards at our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, and Warren Yanarella, another member of the staff. In the picture at the left you can see Mr. Boudreau, holding the dog, one of his special charges, a Schipperke for whom a home was being sought, and Mr. Macfarlane.

As evidence of the program's popularity and human appeal, hundreds of calls and letters were received asking for the privilege of adopting the dog, who had formerly been the pet of a man in the service of his country.

As the program progressed Mr. Macfarlane gave pertinent facts concerning many types of animals and hints on their care and feeding. The entire program is permeated with a sympathetic and personal atmosphere which is passed on to the audience through Mr. Macfarlane's friendly personality.

Be sure to tune in to WBZ-TV-Channel 4 and if you enjoy the program, we shall appreciate your writing to WBZ, 1170 Soldier's Field Road, Boston 34, Mass. Your responses will help us to maintain the program.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



—Black Star Photo

We both love ice cream. Isn't it good, "Budgie?"

"Lady" to the Rescue

By Anita McGlothlin (Grade 7)

LADY" was a Collie Shepherd dog. She was sent to a kennel in Utah for training.

One day she was training out in the field when the head trainer arrived with his five-year-old son. They stood quietly watching the dogs herd the sheep. He was so quiet the men hadn't noticed that the child had started looking around for himself.

There happened to be a steep cliff with a drop of about 200 feet. The little boy was not looking where he was going and came closer and closer to the edge. Lady had looked up from her job and saw the child wandering away. When she saw how close he was to the edge of the cliff, Lady started after him. She grabbed the boy firmly by the trousers and dragged him back to safety. One more step and he would have fallen to his doom.

Lady's rescue was reported to the newspaper and she was awarded a medal for the dog of the month.

Nautilus Club Essay Contest

DOG LEFT BEHIND: My brother found a dog in Yarmouth, and brought it home.

One of our summer visitors must have left it behind. They should have given it to the Humane Society, instead of leaving it behind.

When we saw the dog we were so happy, we didn't know what to do. My brother said, "how could somebody leave such a little dog like that behind."

We fed her and made a bed for her. We kept her and named her "Dolly." Now we have a wonderful little pet of our own.

Some people are so mean to leave their pets behind, and I hope that all the rest of the animals get as much care as my Dolly did.

—Shirley Silva, Prize Winner, 6th Grade.

BIRDS: Every morning I feed the birds. They always come because they seem to know the sound of my voice. Some mornings I put peanut butter on their bread, which they enjoy very much. When the ground is hard and frozen they depend on us for their food.

—Mary Ellen Jason, Prize Winner, 4th Grade.

My Rabbits

By Janet Mansfield (Age 12)

IHAVE two rabbits. They are lots of fun to take care of, watch, and to play with. I feed them and water them twice a day.

One day "Snowball," one of my rabbits, got loose. When she did get loose she didn't know what to do with herself. So Snowball merely sat and happily ate clover on our front lawn until I came home from school. I gently lifted her up and put her back into her hutch, but she didn't eat anything for the next day, thinking of the delicious clover.



This is "Snowball" dreaming of her good feed of clover.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



—Photo by Jack Waters
Happy vacation days for "Barry" and Jack.

"Be Kind"

BE Kind to Animals Week" has come and gone once again. People of all ages—adults made more conscious of the work done by animal protection societies, teen-agers working over essays and even the youngest members of our families feeling a new thrill in their association with pets—all these will take a new and, it is to be hoped, more humane interest in members of the animal kingdom. And so these seven days will have accomplished their first and most obvious purpose.

But in these four words, "Be Kind to Animals," there is another and deeper plea; a call for correction of a fundamental evil. One does not see it, or at least comprehend it, at first glance. It lies in the first simple phrase, "Be Kind."

Kindness, mercy, compassion—great forces with a great purpose—blocked now, as in every second of history, by that one paramount evil, selfishness.

"Be Kind" . . . consider these words; consider what a birth of understanding and peace would break over the world if its population would meet this challenge and command. Perhaps most frequently our ill-temper and cruelty is directed at animals of the lower order than ourselves—probably because we do not fear retaliation from a tiny squirrel or a tired old horse. This is the lowest form of beastliness. But how much more of intolerable pain—spiritual and physical—is caused by "man's inhumanity to man?" It is not a pleasant thing to think about.

Just as one person full of unselfish love can spread happiness through a group—just as one family united in understanding and true affection can make a neighborhood, or even town, a better place—or as one compassionate, humane ruler brings peace and prosperity to a country—so we can make the world a warmer place by our faithfulness to the command, "Be Kind."

—Martha Griffin, (Fitchburg High School)

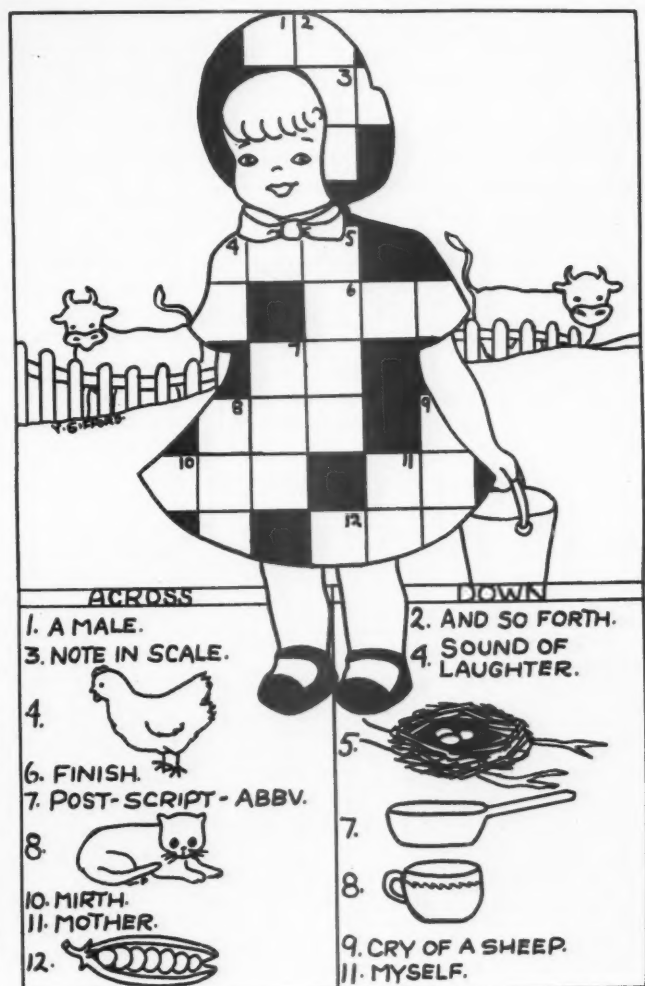
Loyalty

By Buddy Meinert (Age 12)

The dog is man's best friend, they say,
And that, I know, is true.
For my dog always sticks with me
Whatever I may do.

He isn't just an animal,
But a friend with whom to play,
And he will help you pass the time
In happiness each day.

Answer to July Puzzle: ACROSS—2. Grow, 3. Lb., 5. Hook, 7. We, 8. Yd., 10. Hoe, 11. Rug. DOWN—1. Hr., 2. Go, 3. Lo, 4. Bow, 5. Hay, 6. Key, 9. Dog, 10 Hut.



Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month



"Trudy" thinks it's worth reaching for.

The Scamper Family

By Nellie Parker

WE called the chipmunks that played around our camp, the Scamper family because: They scampered here; they scampered there.

They scampered almost everywhere.

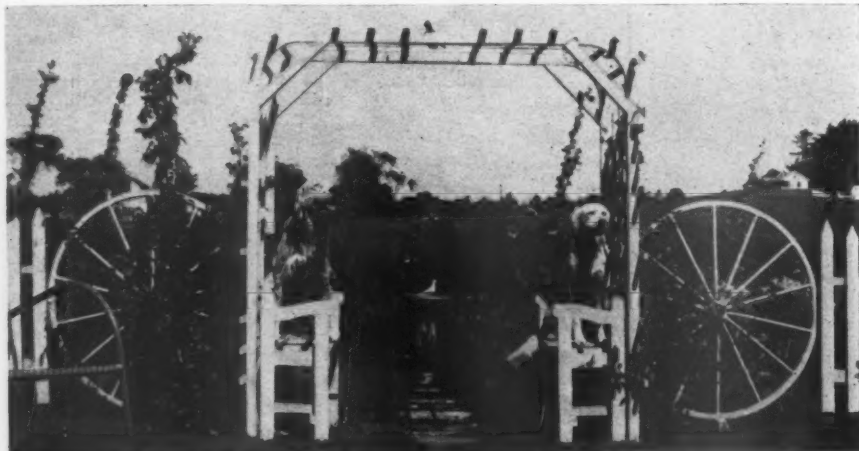
There was "Pappy," who had a funny little growl. "Mumsie," who scolded and tried hardest to get into food boxes. "Trudy," the smallest and tamest. "Lightning," the quick one. And "Greedy," who gobbled everything and quarreled the most.

Chipmunks love milk and Trudy soon learned to take milk from a little bottle with a tiny nipple on it. Care must always be used about leaving a milk bottle around open or the little friends will fall in and drown. Lids or stoppers must be kept in tight.

These funny little fellows are very timid. You must never make a quick move, and *never* try to put your hand around them as they will bite, or run away instantly. But you can train them to eat out of your hand by holding the food in one hand just a little bit above the other hand. They will soon learn to stand on the lower one and reach up for the goodie that is in the other. By putting a bit of bread in the ear, or holding it in the mouth, you can get a photograph that looks as though your little friend was whispering something in your ear, or even kissing you. But you can only do this after you have shown the chipmunks they can trust you not to frighten or hurt them.

When a chipmunk wants to carry something to his underground home he tucks it into his cheeks until he looks as though he had the mumps. Chipmunk mothers nurse their babies while they are in their snug nest under a log. But when they are old enough to bring out, the little fellows scamper about, picking their own berries and pulling down weeds and gathering the seeds themselves. Mother chipmunk keeps an eye out for hawks or animals that would harm them and when she chips a warning they duck into a hole without being told twice!

Making friends with the chipmunks around camp can be fun for the whole family.



The two English Setters, "Duke" and "Pride," owned by Mrs. Goldie Brooks of Erving, Mass., hold their heads up proudly to have their pictures taken in their lovely garden.

Let's Go!

WELL, what are we waiting for?" asks "Skipper," one of the most popular members of 421 "Red Indian" Squadron, Royal Canadian Air Force, as he sits at the controls of one of the squadron's Vampire jet fighters shortly before departure for England. You can't fool Skipper, and he knew that something "big" was in the offing. So, he stuck close to his master, Flying Officer Fred Evans, whenever he went near the planes.

Skipper needn't have worried, of course, for the "Red Indians" would as soon have left behind their "big chief," Flight Lieutenant Bob Davidson, as their beloved mascot. It is true that the crossing wasn't made in the jets, but in huge North Star craft of the Transport command. At Odiham in England, where the squadron has taken up quarters as



the first overseas fighting unit of the RCAF since World War II days, Vampires of a newer type are now in use.

Skipper wouldn't have been disturbed at a long jet plane flight, however. He is one of the first dogs to earn his "wings" as a jet flyer, and accompanied the squadron's aerobatic team which toured the United States and Canada giving exhibitions of precision flying. That was in his younger days. Being a collie—well, almost a collie—he soon became rather too big for the limited space of a fighter cockpit on operational flights. It looks, however, as if he still knows what all those "gadgets" are there for.

Mascots played a tremendous role in maintaining morale among the men and women of our armed forces during the last war. In Korea, and elsewhere, as the allied nations increase their armed strength to oppose aggression, four-footed friends are again ready to keep their masters company in good times and in tough ones.

—W. J. Banks

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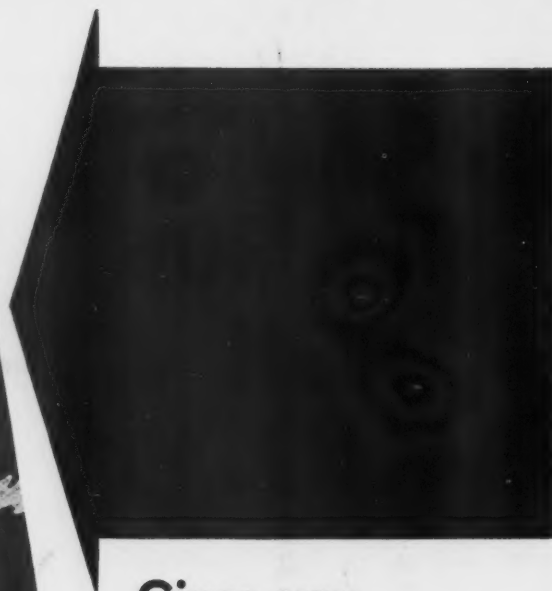
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